

Lord Lee,

It is now Wednesday afternoon and has been raining all day. Still somewhat jetlagged, but not extremely wasted like yesterday, where despite my condition I did manage to do all my laundry, write some checks and rescue my car from New Jersey where I stored in a friend's driveway for safekeeping. "So Many Roads" by John Hammond is on the turntable, soon to be followed by "I Can Tell" and being transported electronically to cassette where it will be put in a package along with "Rolling Thunder Logbook" and be on its way to you.

Now onto the second part of my journey. I made it to the train all right (first number you gave me was apparently wrong, but the second one worked) and had a fairly pleasant trip through the English countryside and Wales where the train stopped at stations with unpronounceable names (one of my old editors used to swear they put all those consonants together just to be contrary). Switched trains at Newport, which was somewhat infuriating because the only way I could tell what train it was was by the time of departure, since Bath was not a destination on the TV screen. There's some disastrous tunnel that the train had to pass through to get to Bath and apparently there are always delays and the train itself was late. But even though the train was only 15 minutes late departing the station, it was a half hour late arriving in Bath where I was met by a somewhat anxious Matthew Zuckerman.

As I wrote you earlier, Matthew looks like a cuddly bear, like Winnie the Pooh with glasses and a beard, but his personality is that of the March Hare. He huffs and puffs and sighs, and always seems pre-occupied, most likely with money since he has two kids and is attempting to make a living as a free-lance journalist. After he picked me up, and loaded my stuff in his Volvo, we had to pick up his kids, a boy I guess around nine or 10 and a girl again I guess in her early teens in secondary school (as I presume you call it), what we could call junior high school.

Bath on first impression was both beautiful and startling, as all the buildings are the same color and all made out of the same material, Bathstone, which I presume to be some sort of limestone. It is a protected city and all buildings must be constructed from this. It is very ancient with tiny winding streets and like no place I'd ever seen. When we got to his house, they follow the Japanese tradition of taking off your shoes when you enter. He immediately took me to his living room where he has one of the most massive collections of records, tapes, CDs, and videos I've ever witnessed. He had a new vinyl re-mastered pressing of "John Wesley Harding," which he informed me was the album that started it off for him, which I kind of found amusing since he constantly complains about money.

Initially, everything was somewhat uncomfortable and awkward (I had the feeling he isn't used to guests) but very soon he took me for a walk around Bath which is where he grew up and gave me the lowdown and history of the town which is where he grew up. He is 44 by the way and is actually an American citizen though he's never been to the States. His father is a Brooklyn Jew, who he has somewhat strained relations with. He spent 24 years in Japan or something close to that and decided to return to England a

couple of years ago, and ended up back in Bath. Again, I was totally struck by the architecture and Matthew filled me in on what buildings had been destroyed by the Nazis and rebuilt. We walked around for a few hours and ended up in a pub for the requisite beers where the ice was finally broken as we simultaneously remembered we had a lot in common mainly Dylan and writing.

We then returned to his house for an okay chicken dinner with his family, but of course *nothing* like the feasts you prepared. After dinner he played me some Bob, most notably a famous boot called "Name That Tune," which is Dylan at his worst in '91 where *everything* he sang is completely unrecognizable. I have to get a copy of this as it is so terrible it's great with hysterical liner notes describing the actual performances (mostly in England) culminating with Bob sitting on drum riser at one point with his head in his hands.

This was followed by a trip to a pub where we saw an actually pretty good jazz group and were joined by one of his friends, an American--the first I'd talked to in well over a week.

We stayed till closing and then went to his office which you have to go outside to get to. I wanted to write you from there, but Matthew's computer made me nuts. It was a Mac, which I know how to use, but certain commands I use to make things faster didn't work and Matthew insisted on talking to me the entire time I was checking mail which made it impossible to write. But he did get me quite stoned on pot, and then I slept on a mat on the floor which actually wasn't too bad as I fell right out.

The next day Matthew drove me to Stone Henge than Avebury which may have been more amazing than Stone Henge, where there's a 5,000 year old man-made hill for which there is no apparent explanation, because unlike the barrows around Stone Henge and the other barrows around Avebury, it does not hold any graves. Avebury has stones similar to Stone Henge running in a circle around the village, and some seem to point to each other.

The big mystery to Stone Henge (well, one of them) is how they got the stones on top of the other stones since they weigh 20 tons. I kept telling Matthew it had to be the aliens. The weather was quite windy in both places, which was kind of strange since it didn't seem to be as windy in other places we stopped and in Bath. Anyway it was a lot of fun, even though Matthew in his March Hare way got lost a couple of times getting to both places. That night we went out to a comedy club and got hamburgers which we ate in the street which I thought was pretty strange. Matthew is a secret smoker, he keeps it from his wife, and thankfully quite a pothead as well, we got stoned both nights in his office. The comedy club sucked and I think the only reason he took me there was he gets in free because he writes previews for the local paper. Anyway the next morning he took me to the train for Cambridge, but there wasn't time to see the Roman baths. I'd like to go back there, just to explore on my own, but I think I'll stay in a hotel. Matthew is really a nice guy (he offered me pot to take with me which I declined--I was afraid I'd forget about it and have it discovered at customs), but of all the people I stayed with absolutely the most neurotic and preoccupied.

The trip from Bath to Cambridge was okay except I had to switch in London and take a tube to another station which was an incredible hassle with all the stuff I had on me. But all the train trips were fairly enjoyable. There's a plant in many of the fields (rake or rape?) that is this stunning yellow/greenish color that you don't see in the states.

I got to Cambridge okay and Craig came to the station about 30 minutes after I called him. Nothing could have prepared me for Craig though I knew a lot in advance. He had already eaten lunch, but took me to a Turkish restaurant and drank coffee while I ate. Like Alan, on first sight, you would not expect him to be a Dylan fan, and his whole attitude is very business-like, and not at all like his posts to RMD or his e-mails which are usually very funny or to me, very British. He drives a fairly flashy Citroen and seemed surprised when I was reluctant to leave my guitar in his car while he ate. Again in his posts and e-mails, he comes across as fairly left-wing, but in talking to him he seems fairly conservative, commenting to me how he thought school uniforms were a good thing and stuff like that. Meeting him, you wouldn't think he was the same person. After lunch he dropped me off in downtown Cambridge to wander around for a couple of hours while he went back to work, assuring me the guitar would be safe in his car.

Cambridge was not as impressive as either Manchester or Bath, though there were quite a few cool little streets. I was amazed by the amount of bicycles as the students aren't allowed to have cars. But again there were a lot of great ancient buildings to take pictures of, but there were several parts of the campus you weren't allowed in, and being on my own, I didn't necessarily know where the fascinating stuff was.

He picked me up right on time and then we went to his house in this tiny village about 20 or 30 miles out of Cambridge, in another ancient village. His house used to be a pub and is quite impressive. The village where he lives in astoundingly beautiful and quiet with this gothic church a few yards away up a hill. It seemed like the perfect place to be if you wanted to write a novel and wanted to be isolated from the rest of the world totally. While he doesn't own that plane, he does apparently have a fair amount of bread. It was the only place I stayed to have a washer and a dryer and everything seemed definitely upscale, and they each have a car. His wife is very nice and made a quite good vegetarian dinner and they have two very precocious, but quite lively and entertaining little girls who they seem intent on forcing them into music.

After dinner, I tuned his daughter's guitar for them (impressing them with my guitar tuner) and played a few songs for them. It was then he started thinking about contacts and immediately made calls to people connected with the Cambridge Folk Festival, handing the phone to me. Why he didn't do this before, I have no idea and I'm sure you don't either. Maybe he wanted to check me out in person first. I don't really know, but it just seems to be how he operates. Anyway, he kept filling me up with wine and through his daughters requested a few Dylan songs and I played him my new song about the gay bashing in Wyoming. I have the feeling he may pull some strings in a big way later on as he seems to have a lot of heavy-duty contacts or at least

likes to give the impression he does, but he apparently likes to keep things close to the vest.

He played me a rare very old Dylan tape telling me I couldn't tape it. He thought it was from '59, but judging from other Dylan from that pre-first album period like the Bonnie Beecher tape (the one where he sings in the Nashville Skyline voice), I think this tape was later than that, going mostly on Dylan's delivery of the songs (all folk songs) and his guitar playing. There was a woman on the tape who sang one song with Dylan and Craig made a big deal out of how that Dylan had a relationship with her (she's dead now) and how her daughter (who Craig is in touch with) doesn't want anyone to know her mother had relations with Dylan. There was one great song on it where Dylan sings in a voice quite similar to the one he used on "Lone Pilgrim," and another rather hysterical song where he tries to sing in an Irish accent that gets thicker and more ridiculous as the song goes on. Now here's the funny part, Craig told me he just got the tape, but when I told Espen the story, he apparently played the same exact tape for him when Espen was there over a year ago! Espen also told me some other stuff about Craig at Dylan gatherings before concerts where he goes around upgrading people's tickets, all very hush hush, and gives certain tickets to certain people, and puts the tapers with people who won't talk and things like that. He obviously likes to play this silly game of Dylan one-upman-ship, and while I didn't find out when he first saw Bob, I think I out-ranked him in that department having seen my first Bob show in '63 :-), along with my brother playing on "Blood." I personally don't buy into this "I have it and you can hear it but not have it game," but I don't really care. It made more sense when Joel Bernstein played me "Every Grain of Sand" before it was released, but with an almost 30 year old tape, c'mon.

The next morning Shirley drove me into Cambridge after dropping the kids off at school (they met at the church-very confusing) and I checked my luggage and wandered around some more before heading to London. I took a train to the Liverpool Street station which Shirley (I think that's Craig's wife's name) said would be the closest stop to Espen's and took a cab to his house which cost a fair amount of money (17 pounds) as he lives in Catford in the Southeast part of the city on the other side of the Thames. The train to London also cost a fair amount of money (13) even though I waited till after 10 am to buy my ticket. Hard to figure out the British train system since I don't think Cambridge is any further from London than Manchester is from Liverpool and a round-trip ticket to Liverpool was only five pounds. The really nutty thing they never collected my ticket and I could've ridden the damn thing for free, which Espen told me often happens and happened a couple of times later in London. Of course the catch is, if you don't buy a ticket, you're really fucked, 'cause they hit you with a heavy fine instead.

Anyway, Espen turned out to be a really great guy and easily the most gracious host after you. (Actually Alan was very gracious, leaving me alone in his house and leaving a note on the computer with net instructions and telling me to play and read whatever I wanted).

Espen is a Norwegian journalism student who's 26 and has been living in London for a couple of years. He is returning home to Oslo this week and will

probably be on his way there by the time you read this. He's another vegetarian (I think he was scared off by English meat), but also smokes, though we had to smoke outside his flat which was okay. But while he rarely posts to RMD, he's a huge and very knowledgeable fan and had a ton of tapes and a fair amount of CDs. I didn't reach his place till around 2 or 3 in the afternoon and we spent a fair amount of time getting to know each other, which again was made fairly easy because of Bob and because of writing and journalism. I just hung out at his house the first night and went with him to the store, where I copped some English mustard and some marmalade to take home. He made a pretty nice meal, and later on we went out to a local pub and downed a few beers before coming back and talking well into the night about all kinds of stuff from America to the war to politics.

The next morning I finally hit downtown London. Espen gave me this London A-Z street guide which along with the map Pam gave me (which was quite cool because it had illustrations of major buildings and parks, making it very easy to figure out where you were). Espen gave me explicit instructions on where to go, hipping me to travel-passes which not only eliminated the change hassle, but you can ride as much as you like on all tubes, trains and busses.

I first went to Oxford Circus to the Mojo office which took a little while to track down as it's on a tiny street which would be considered an alley here. But I quickly realized within my first few steps off the tube that these tiny alleys were streets. Anyway with the help of a motorcycle courier, I found it fairly quickly. Unfortunately Mat Snow was out sick that day, so all I could do was leave a bunch of articles not at the reception desk, but on the mezzanine level, so it was probably a complete waste of time. (I don't know much you've dealt with him--from what I remember not much) but if you wanna put a word in, feel free.

I quickly realized I would need 3 weeks, not 3 days to see London properly and wasted more time trying without success to track down a box for the guitar. Initially I wasn't as impressed with London architecturally (well not around Oxford Circus anyway). There was a sign right when I got out of the tube for Carnaby Street, so I figured what the hell, might as well check it out. But it was rather depressing (no good clothes and shitty music in the stores) and I followed the winding alleys towards Soho. I was amazed by the amount of people on the streets in London (especially the bigger streets like Oxford where the department stores are). Seemed like twice as many people on the streets as in NYC, there were several places where you had to fight your way through the crush. So sticking to the smaller (and more interesting streets) I made my way to Denmark Street where of course my mind was blown by Helter Skelter where I spent a couple of hours, but didn't buy anything (I was hoping they'd have some old Telegraphs, but didn't.)

BRIEF ENTREPRENEURIAL ASIDE: Do you think they'd be interested in opening a store in the states? I'd like to run it (maybe). END OF ENTREPRENEURIAL ASIDE.

Anyway after Helter Skelter, I wandered around guitar stores, and wasted more time in going all the way back past Oxford Circus in search of London Guitar Studio which I found, but did not have a box and was primarily a

classical guitar store. So once that was over with I wandered back through Soho, stopping at various shops and stores and just wandering down whatever streets looked interesting and there were lots of them, all leading to other streets that also looked interesting and I realized I couldn't wander down all of them and didn't want to spend the entire day looking at books or CDs (though actually there weren't many CD stores that I found or good ones anyway). However I did find one cool store, Ray's Jazz Shop which had a great blues and folk section where I did buy the Music of the Bahamas for a much cheaper price than the store in Manchester. It was getting late and I decided to eat in London and wander some more, winding up first in the theater district Leicester Square, then Trafalgar Square (protesters there) and then into Picadilly Circus which was dominated by Tower Records on one side and MacDonalds on the other. I went into Tower briefly trying to find that Bucketful of Brains that had my friend's review in it (they didn't have that one at Helter Skelter) without success and then headed towards the Thames coming across a park. By this time it was twilight. I looked to my right and a few blocks down the street, there it was, Buckingham Palace. I figured what the fuck, I'm here so I walked over. It turned out to be worth it for the guards. As you probably know, they do *not* move. I stared in total amazement. Since they're behind gates, it's hard to tell exactly how much they don't move, but at first I wasn't sure they were alive. (Later, Espen told me that people go up to them [at the places you can go up to them] and stick their hands right in their face and stuff to see if they blink. I was wondering what the fuck they do if they have to piss or even sneeze. So I hung out there for a little bit waiting to see them move which they never did then wandered back a different way towards Charing Cross, not really consulting the map. London is full of tourists and the couple of people I asked to make sure I was going the right way also turned out to be tourists, some not speaking English at all which was pretty funny. So I kept on walking and bumped right into Westminster Abbey. It couldn't have been anything else. By this time it was almost dark and starting to rain which made it seem spookier than it already is which is pretty spooky. I didn't even realize it was connected physically to Parliament, but just followed the building and there it was Big Ben. By this time it was raining pretty hard for the second time that day (but Espen warned me to take an umbrella). It was all pretty impressive and as it turned out the street Parliament is on leads back to Charing Cross and the train station. It was now around 9 PM, and I'd been walking since morning, not having taken a train or a bus once I got to Oxford Circus. But on the way back I came across more protesters in front of the defense building which turned out to be right across from 10 Downing Street. So, as you can see I kept finding all these places without really looking for them which is more or less the way I like it. It turned out the protesters (and there were quite a few of them, many more and also much more vociferous than the Quakers I'd encountered earlier in Trafalgar Square) were Serbs.

By this time I was exhausted, so I headed back past Trafalgar to Charing Cross and the train to Lewisham. (Almost missed the Lewisham stop because the conductor or whatever the guy on the platform was told me the wrong stop before it). There were three busses I could have taken back to Espen's. I got on, asked the driver if he stopped at Davenport Road, and he says, "Where's that mon?" A fucking Jamaican or something. So I said Catford. Now when I left that morning, I noted down several stores or pubs and

landmarks, but somehow missed them or thought the trip was longer and missed the damn stop. The busdriver stops in the center of Catford (which turned out to be past) Espen's street, and says to me "Catford's back that way." Now I didn't know where the hell I was an Espen was out at a birthday party. So I get on another bus going in the same direction, 'cause I didn't think I'd come to his house yet. After a mile or so, I realized it was totally wrong and got off the bus in some neighborhood and walked to the other side of the street to take the bus back. I figured I'd go all the way back to the station in Lewisham and take the same number bus I took in the morning. It took forever for the bus to come, and while the neighborhood didn't seem that bad, it didn't seem that good either, and this was the only time on the whole trip I was nervous. It took forever for another bus to come (well 20 or 25 minutes), and no taxis passed by either and again the bus driver (another foreigner) didn't know where the street was. I couldn't believe these guys drive past these streets every day probably several times and don't know where they are. Luckily some old gent on the bus heard me asking for the street and was kind enough to give me enough landmarks (though I couldn't understand half) of what he said, that I managed to get off the bus without having to go all the way back to Lewisham. (Later Espen told me that if I'd said the name of the pub near his house, they would have known.) Oh well, what's a trip without one getting lost adventure.

The next morning, Espen went with me back to central London so I could check out Parliament and the Abbey in daylight. We accidentally came across a changing of the Queen's horse guards which was a riot. The guards were quite young (appeared to be around 18) and seemed to be brothers. They looked exactly alike. We managed to catch the whole ceremony which was pretty funny 'cause one of the guards was not having a good day and could not adjust his feathered plume hat quite right, the band which is supposed to go under his chin kept slipping up to his lip. Finally the changing (which included an inspection, and much barking of orders was done) and the guards like the ones at Buckingham stopped moving, except this time they were on horses, and I got a better look. They just sit there on the damn horses and underneath their hats their eyes dart back and forth. Anyway, we left there, and headed out to Camden Market.

Camden, as you probably know is a fairly run-down, obviously working class part of town, with several open-air markets not unlike the one I took you to here, though some of the markets are inside and they go on and on and on. The same system of canals runs right through there and we walked along there for awhile and there are directional signs saying stuff like "Liverpool, 270 miles" which I thought was pretty amusing to find in the middle of a city. Unlike the market here, the stalls were mostly filled with junk, a lot of it fairly interesting, toys, clothes, books, antiques and (imagine trumpet blast) bootleg CDs.

If the guys running the stalls see you looking at Dylan they immediately ask if you want to see more and bring out several more boxes. I blew 45 pounds in one pop, buying stuff for myself and also a couple of gifts for people. So much for music income :-). But that was only the first stop! There were several more. It was a great place, and we ended up spending about six hours there. The Dylan gathering Espen tried to organize for me never happened, but a

friend of his (another Bob maniac) met us there. We ended up spending something like six hours there including a rather lengthy stop for lunch at an outdoor cafe. Then Espen and I returned to Soho where I decided to take him out to dinner at a Polynesian restaurant as a way of thanking him for hosting me, especially since we had barely corresponded in any way before the trip and didn't have that e-mail past of knowing each other somewhat that I did with Craig and Matthew. (I also laid a CD on him). Being a student, it was obvious he didn't have much money (he didn't buy any bootlegs) and even though I don't have much money, once I got to London, I decided fuck it, I'm gonna have fun and a good time. We wandered around Soho a tiny bit more after that, then went back to his house where we talked again late into the night, and I also got out my guitar (originally to illustrate a way I heard Dylan do "Every Grain of Sand" a few years ago and ended up playing him a bunch of songs which he loved, and he said he'll see what he can do for me back in Oslo, where he's going to have a journalism job at the nationally-owned radio station.

The next morning I went back to central London by myself and checked out the Tower of London which I passed on the cab ride to Espen's, taking a walk across Tower Bridge in the process. The guides in the Tower, dressed in Beefeater uniforms were hysterical! "Let's go see where people were 'anged!" "They took Guy Fawkes and sliiiiced 'im down the middle." Unfortunately the room that housed the instruments of torture were under renovation or something, 'cause I went into every building and never found them, and when I later asked Espen which building they were in, it turned out to be one they were working on and access to certain areas was restricted. But it was still quite fascinating, especially trying to read what the prisoners had carved into the walls, and seeing Ravens (quite vicious animals) for I'm pretty sure the first time in my life. That took a few hours, and then I started walking back towards Charing Cross which was quite a distance, coming across St. Paul's Cathedral, the Court of Justice and Fleet Street in the process. Again by accident, I wandered into Covant Garden where there are several street performers, everything from blues singers with steel-bodied national guitars to jugglers and magicians to string quartets. One kid, trying to attract people to a juggler's show was quite comical. Wearing a velvet suit, with a red tie, he had a huge hard shell suitcase which he would bang on the pavement while blowing a whistle, shouting at people to sit down. "Come here, ladies" he'd yell, whipping out a handkerchief and wiping off a bench. He was a total ham, and he knew it, and every time I tried to take a picture he'd start posing. Then it was back to Soho for one last look. I was trying to find an internet cafe to write some mail (I came across one on Friday, but couldn't find it again) and also tried to find the pub that had been bombed without success, and then said goodbye to London, and went back to Espen's where he had a pretty good sweet and sour imitation chicken meal waiting.

The next morning, Espen (and a friend who stayed over the night before) went off to a Norwegian Independence day celebration, and I began the sad task of leaving. Espen invited me to the celebration for which he and his friend got all dressed up in suits, but I didn't want to lug all that stuff around. I'd already packed the night before, but double-checked everything, passport and all that shit. The taxi ride to the airport was fairly hefty price-wise (I called a bunch of different gypsy cabs to get the best rate--27.50) and it took

over an hour, mostly through the streets of London, briefly passing through Kensington which Espen was going to take me to, but I opted for the Tower instead, before finally hitting a highway to the airport. It was a good thing I got there early because it made taking the guitar on the plane easier (they finally stowed it away somewhere in first class).

Luckily, I was sitting with pretty nice people on the way back (mother and daughter). The plane had a considerable tailwind, so what would have been an 8 hour trip was a little over 7. We encountered a little turbulence, but nothing too drastic. The entire trip was in daylight, so I didn't experience seeing a sunset and sunrise in a few hours, though it was pretty strange going through 8 and 9 PM etc., twice in one day. The plane turned left at Nova Scotia (which I could see, having finally obtained a window seat--originally I was gonna be in the middle--totally unacceptable! as well as seeing Newfoundland, even though we were 40,000 feet in the air. Things got cloudy around Boston, but cleared up in time to witness Atlantic City in all it's glory before the plane turned right at the Atlantic City Expressway hitting Philly in about 10 minutes (takes an hour by car) and then diverting down to Wilmington, Delaware before making a U-turn for the approach to Philly International. Of course once down, the plane had to sit on the runway for 20 minutes while other planes took off before finally making it to the terminal sort of ruining the early arrival time, but was outside the terminal waiting for my ride home much earlier than I would have been.

I was hoping to hit a duty-free store on the way out, but no such luck as you're herded right into customs, where officers wait with dogs to sniff your bags for drugs. Of course I didn't spend anywhere near the taxable limit, but made it through customs pretty quickly though they did ask things like, "How long have you lived in Philadelphia?" and asked me to open my guitar case, but not the rest of my bags, which was fine with me since I was carrying a lot of prescription medicine (which I had proof of) but didn't want to deal with that. The funny thing was the customs officer said, "A Martin. Nice. How old is it? What kind of music do you play?"

So there you have it, the rest of the trip. Well the Hammond tape was finished long ago (this letter [written off-line] took much longer than I planned Hope this didn't bore you too much. But, thanks again Chris. It never would have happened without you and I will always be grateful, because it opened up a whole new world, sometimes the same, but usually quite different.

--Peter